

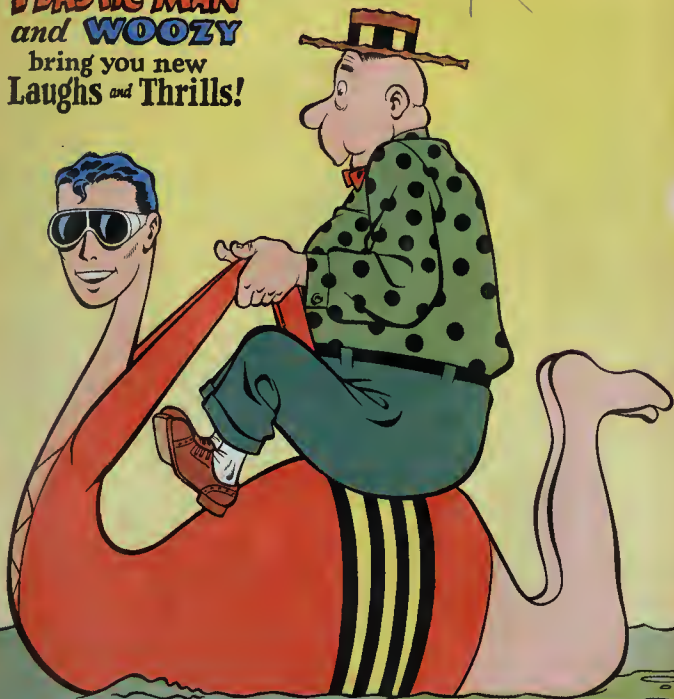
AUTUMN ISSUE
No. 5



PLASTIC MAN

10¢

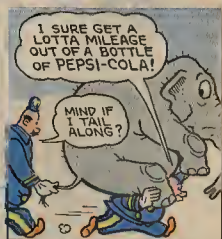
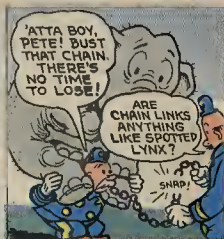
PLASTIC MAN
and **WOOZY**
bring you new
Laughs and Thrills!



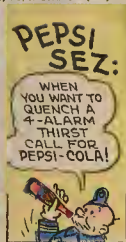


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"PEPSI!" The PEPSI-COLA COP



Copyright 1946, Pepsi-Cola Company

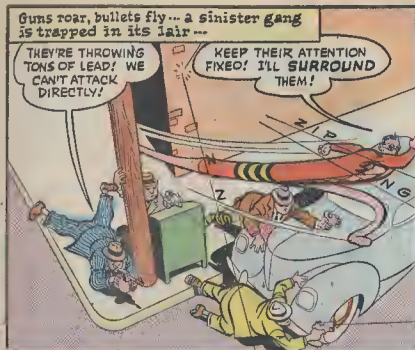




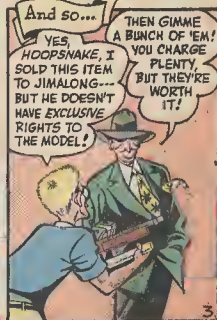
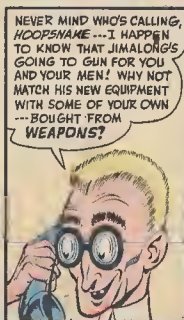
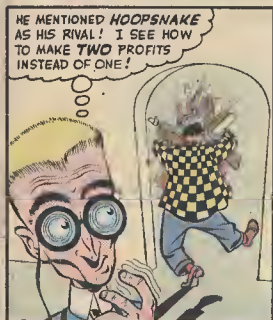
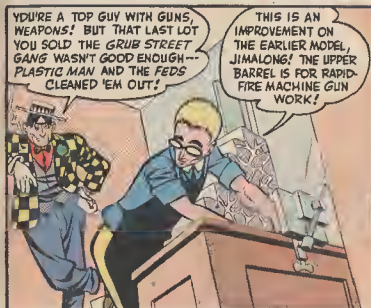
They called him
WEAPONS --

the merciless wizard
who created the tools
of death for a murder
mad underworld!

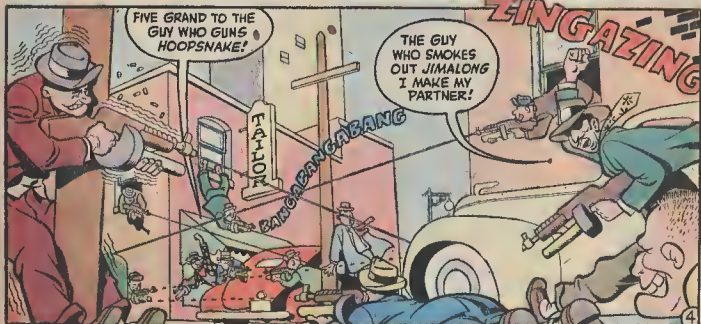
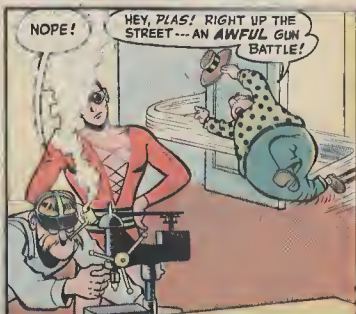
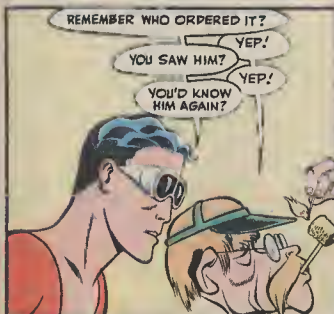
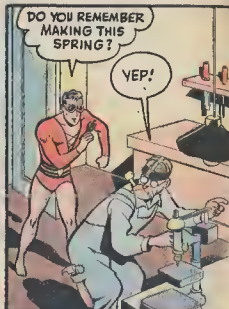
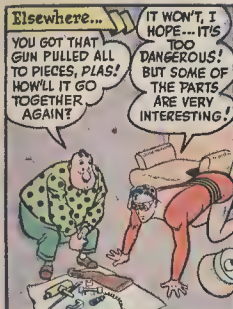
And every triumph of
explosive, shot or steel
that his evil genius
could furnish was
directed at
Plastic Man!

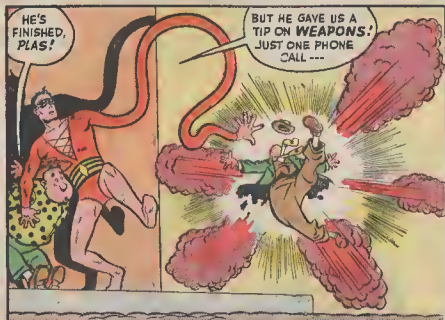
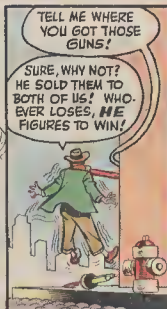
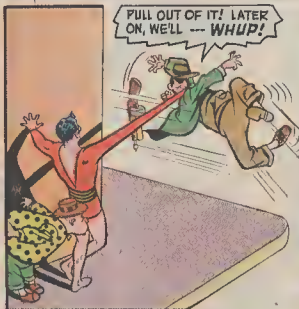
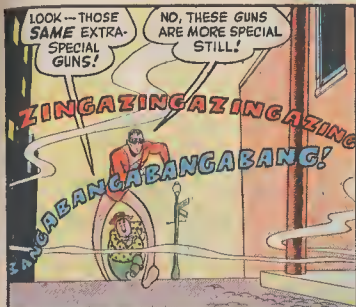


PLASTIC MAN

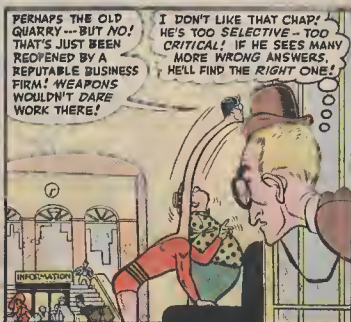
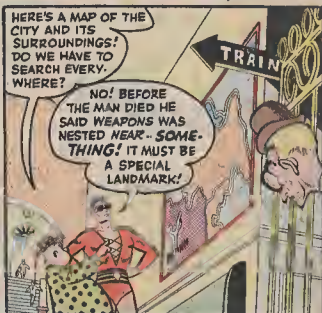
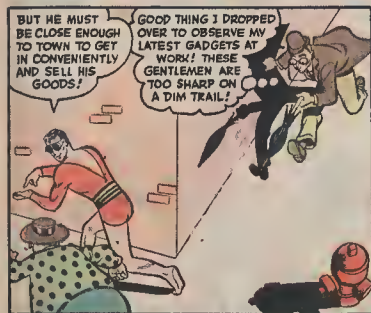
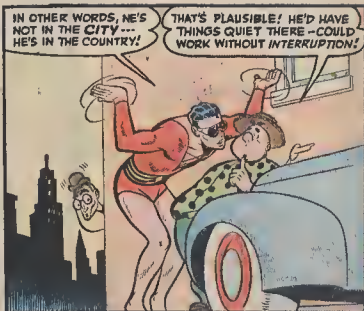
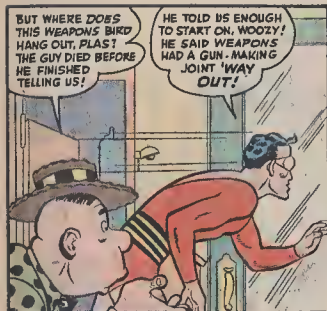


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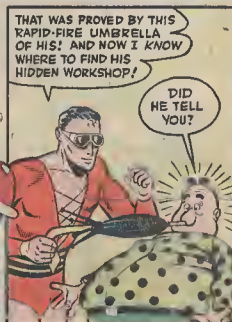
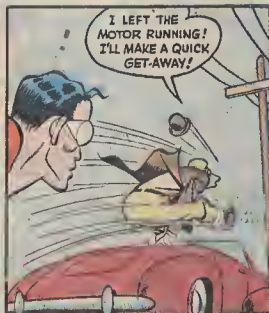
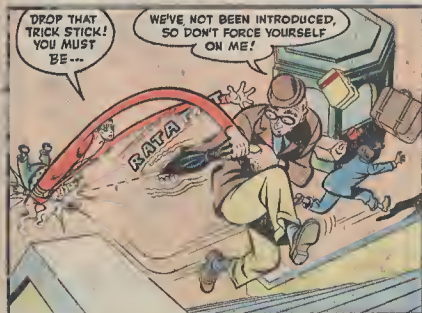
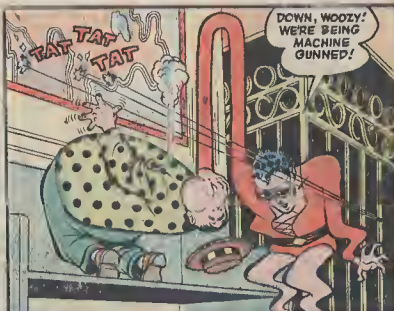




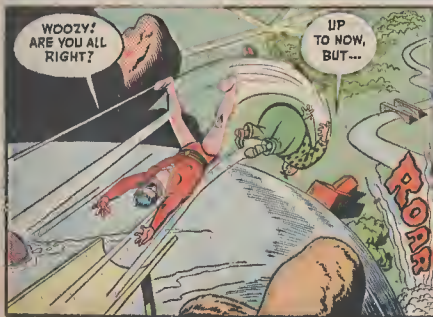
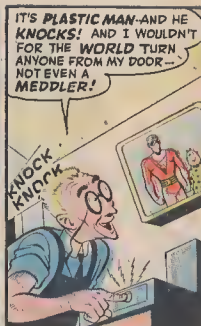
PLASTIC MAN



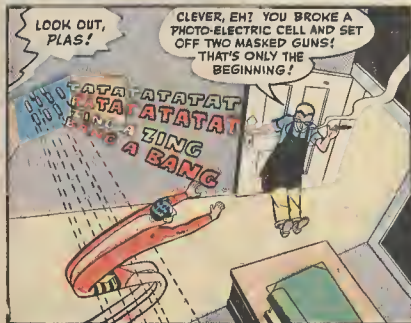
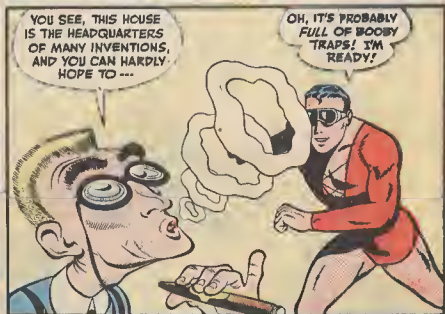
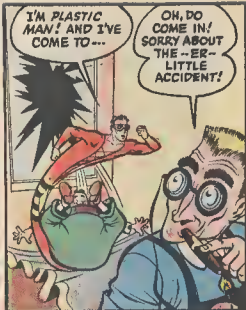
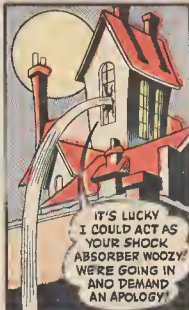
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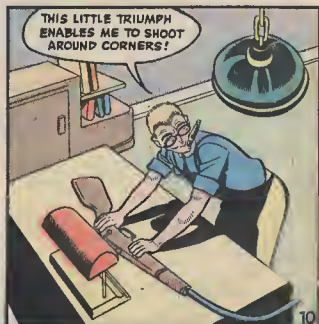
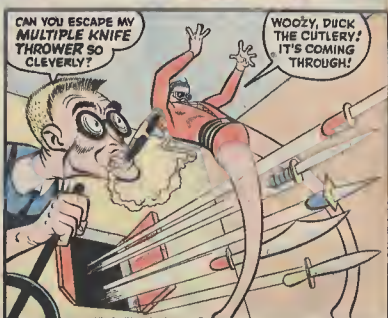
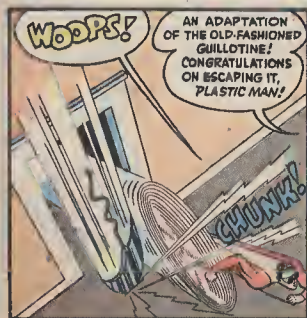
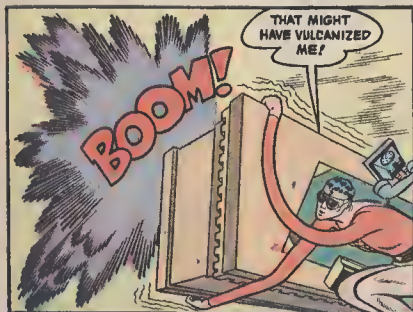
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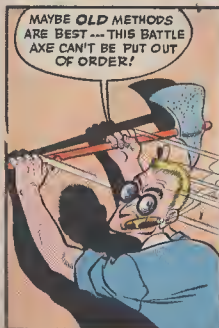
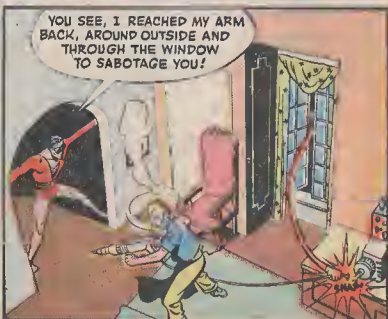
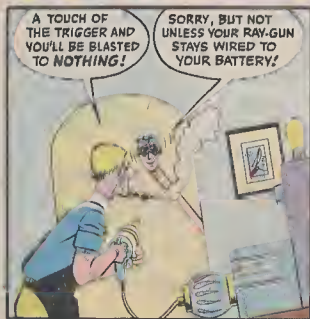
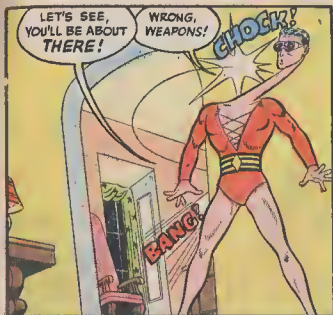
PLASTIC MAN



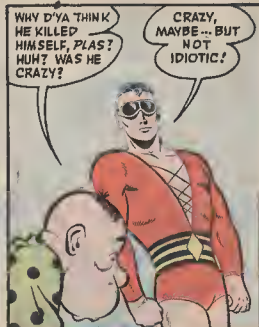
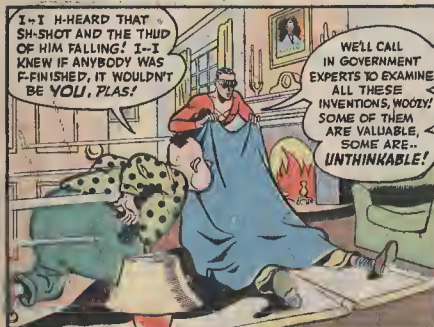
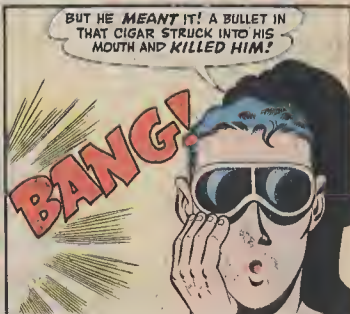
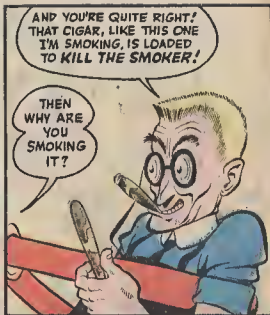
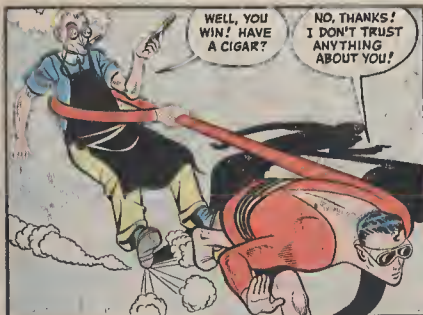
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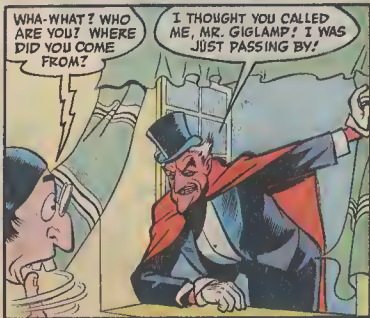
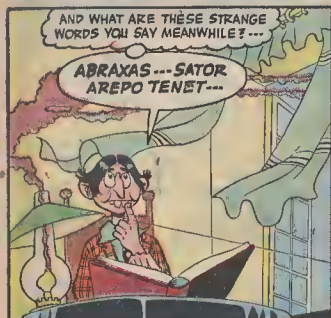
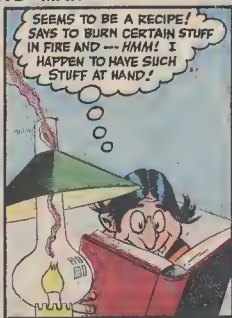
It came out of the weird volume - that strange and evil spell which summoned the mysterious being called **HATE!**

And the powers of **HATE** are terrible-- almost too great even for **Plastic Man!**

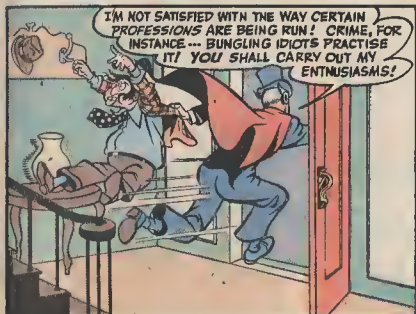
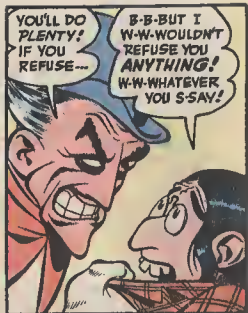
EVIL
KNOWLEDGE



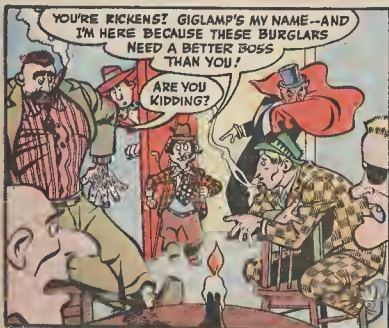
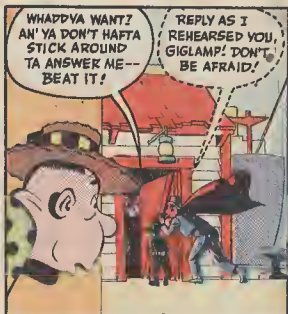
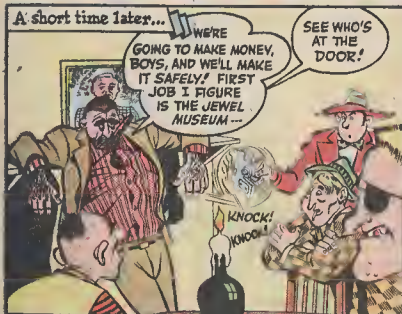
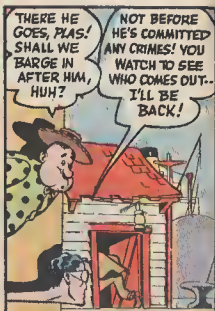
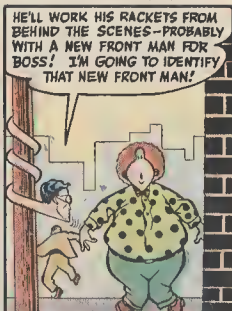
PLASTIC MAN



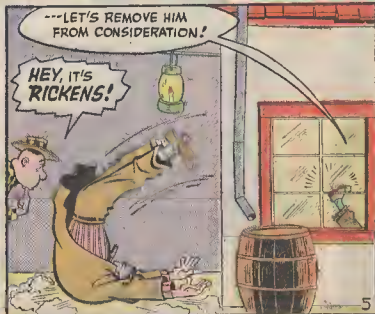
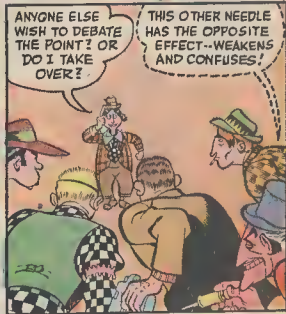
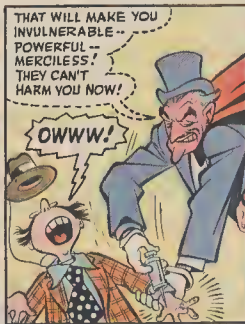
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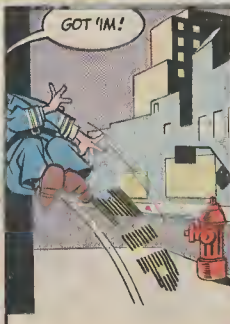
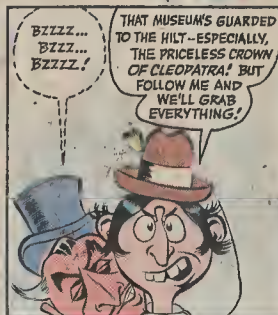
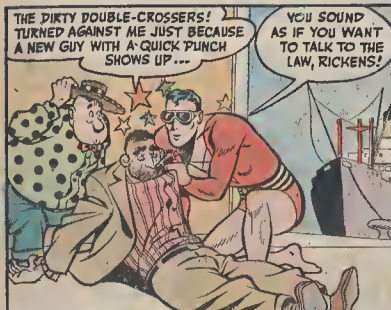
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

GOSH, THESE GUYS BAT OUT PHONY UNIFORMS LIKE CRAZY! HOW'D YA THINK OF THIS, GIGLAMP?

OH, I-ER-HAVE CONNECTIONS!



At the well-protected Jewel Museum...

IT'S NOT TIME FOR RELIEF! WE DON'T LEAVE TILL THE DIRECTOR SAYS...

THE DIRECTOR'S AFRAID OF ROBBERS! WE'RE TO HELP YOU KEEP WATCH!



PUT AWAY THAT GLASS CUTTER! YOU'LL ---

TAKE CARE OF HIM!



HELP! HELP--OH--!

GOT IT!

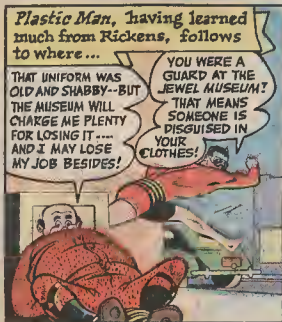
BANG!



Plastic Man, having learned much from Rickens, follows to where...

THAT UNIFORM WAS OLD AND SHABBY--BUT THE MUSEUM WILL CHARGE ME PLENTY FOR LOSING IT --- AND I MAY LOSE MY JOB BESIDES!

YOU WERE A GUARD AT THE JEWEL MUSEUM? THAT MEANS SOMEONE IS DISGUISED IN YOUR CLOTHES!



WHAT'S THE FUSS? WE HEARD SHOTS ---

A HOLDUP ATTEMPT! QUICK, AROUND THE OTHER WAY--CUT THEM OFF!

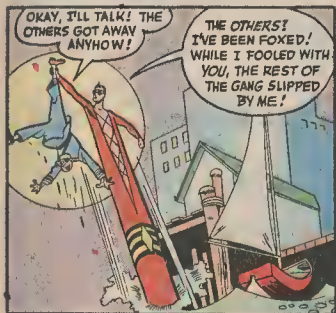
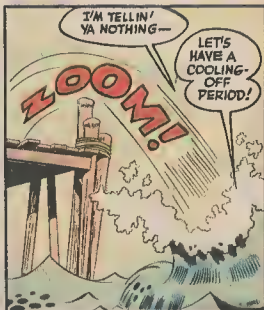
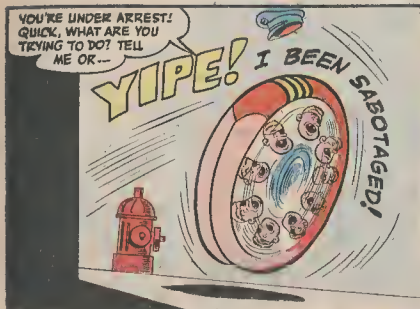


GO AND SEE IF THE COAST'S CLEAR!

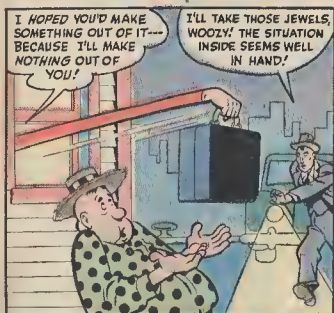
THAT MUST BE THE CRIMINAL IN THE STOLEN UNIFORM!



PLASTIC MAN

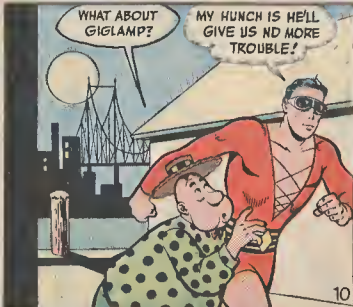
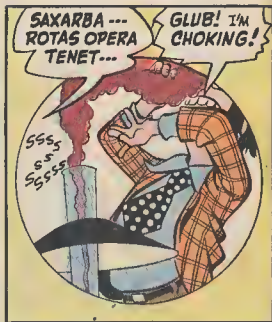
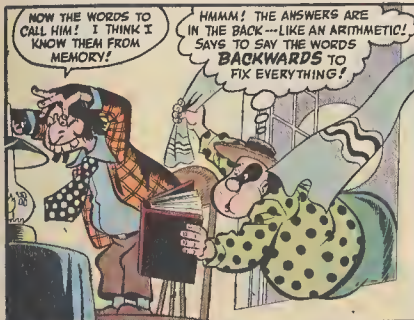


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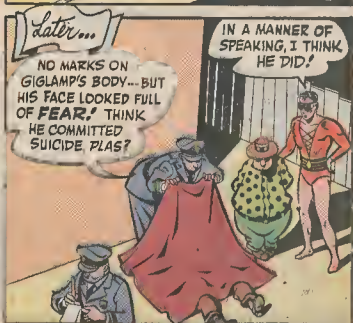
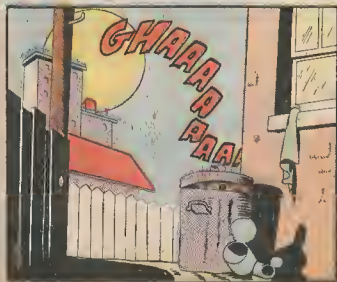
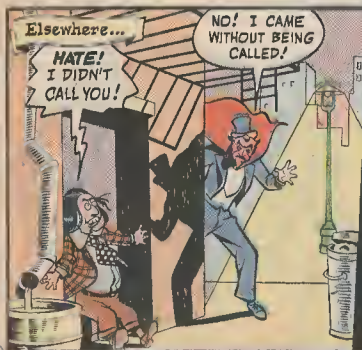


WHAT A CRAZY BOOK! I DON'T GET WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

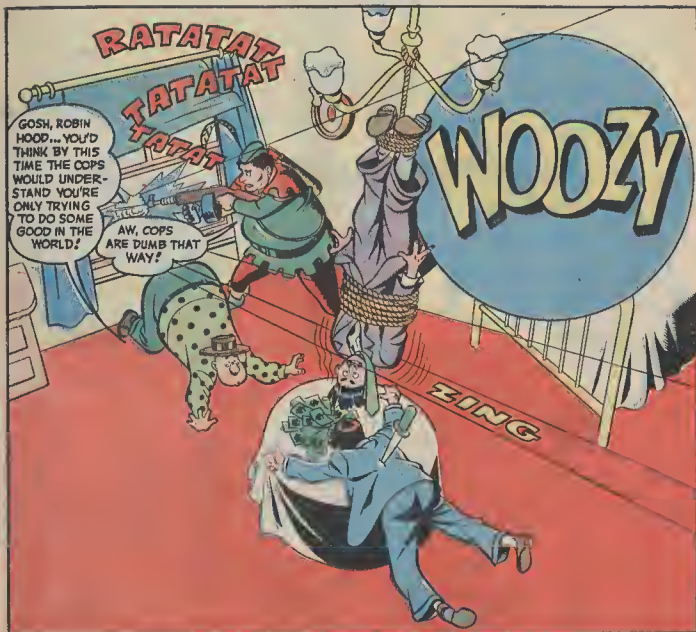
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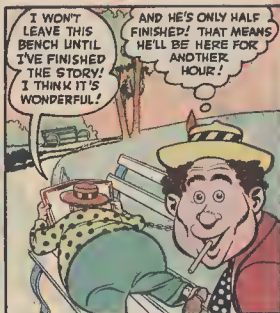
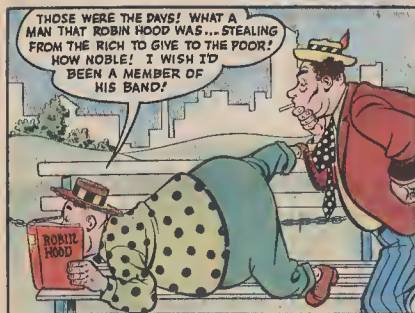
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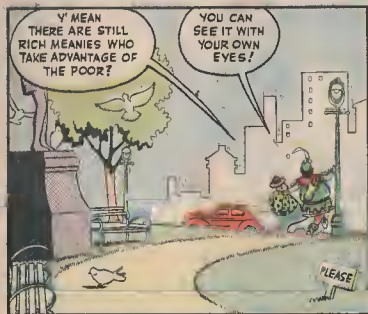
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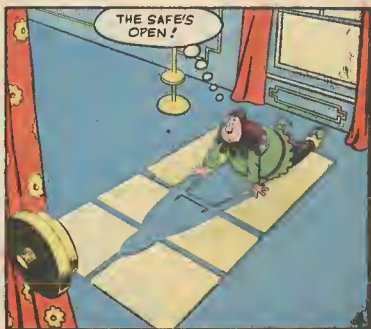
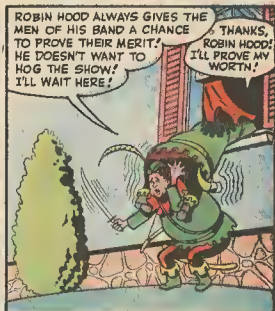
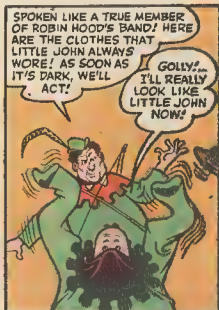
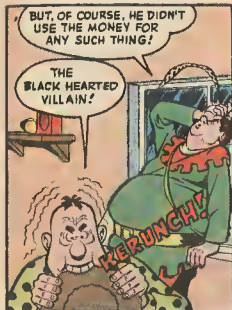
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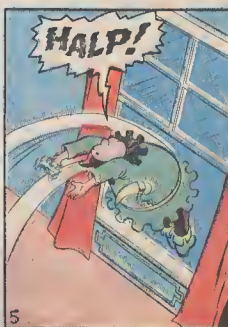
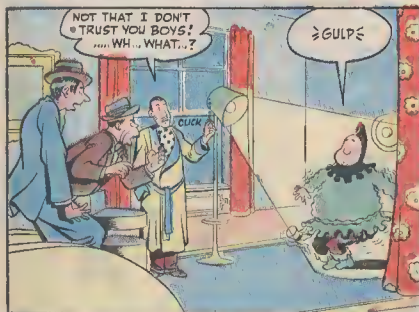
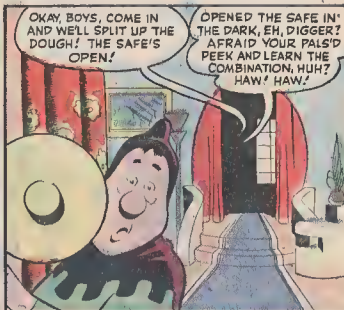
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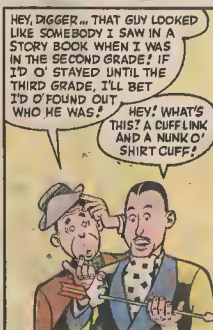
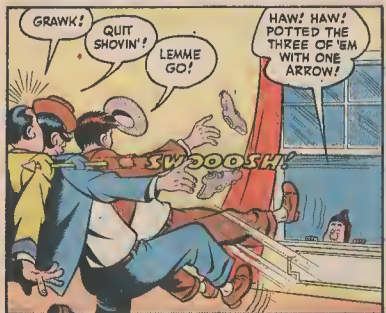
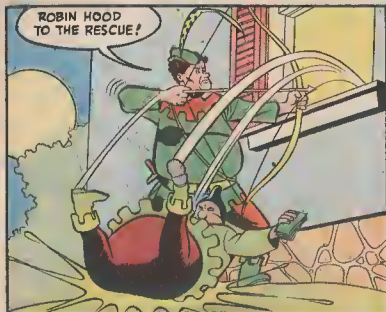
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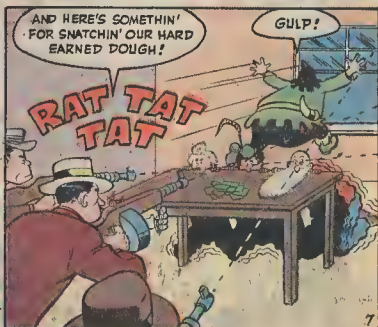
PLASTIC MAN



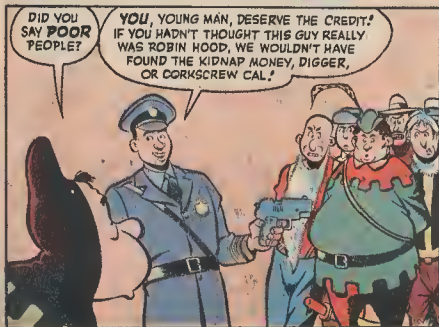
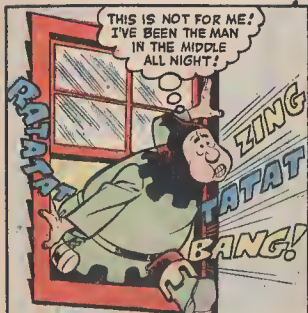
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PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

SNIG RIVER

WOOLZY WINKS would ask anybody an impudent question. Strolling along the bank of the quiet stream, he looked curiously at the slender man in overalls and straw hat who perched on a rock and trailed his fish-line in the water. "Hi, buh," said Woolzy, "what are you fishing for?"

"Snigs," said the fisherman.

"Snigs?" repeated Woolzy. "What are snigs?"

"I dunno," replied the other. "I ain't caught none yet."

Woolzy goggled and gulped. The fisherman went on:

"I'm Lute Beezer from Doldrum County—my great-uncle left me this here piece o' Snig River property. Well, I figger, Snig River oughta have snigs in it, huh? And I aim to ketch some and see what like a critter they are."

Woolzy scampered away, full of glee, to the cabin where he and Plastic Man were vacationing. Plastic Man, tall, red-clad and fun-loving, listened to the story with almost as much delight as Woolzy told it.

"I agree with you, Woolzy—Lute Beezer shouldn't go disappointed," he said. "We ought to provide him with a snig snapping at his bait." He rose, reached a long, long arm into the cabin for the suitcase that held his disguise equipment. "Let's see—how about green and gold scales? Flippers like a seal, and a tail like a dragon? And horns on the head—goggle eyes—a trunk like an elephant—"

Quickly he moulded and sculptured his plastic face and figure into a semblance of the most fantastic monster. Woolzy, highly happy at the prospect of a practical joke, helped him put on the green and gold color.

"Now," said Plastic Man, "I'll drop into Snig River and swim down to where he sits. That will give you time to stroll by again and watch what happens when he hooks and pulls out a snig. I wonder what a snig really is, at that."

"So do I," said Woolzy.

AT ANOTHER CABIN three men were in conference. "I tell you," insisted Attorney Gaycat, the county's crookedest lawyer, "I read him only half of his uncle's will. I left out the paragraph that says he must occupy the property for a full month or else—"

"Or else it goes to me," said slim, narrow-eyed Haggai Beezer, second cousin of Lute. "It's Lute's interest in fishing that has kept him here twenty-nine of the thirty days. We have to do something today, or I lose the property and you lose the fee I promised you."

"Something is going to be done," promised Gaycat. "I invited a city friend of mine over." He pointed to the big, blocky third party. "Mr. Hooks Hookgan, the most successful kidnab artist I know."

"I'll take care of your cousin Lute," promised Hooks. "Clear out, you two, and I'll grab him and hold him in this cabin. Then bring the executor of the will over, show that Lute isn't on the property. Later on, when everybody's asleep, I'll finish him—quiet and neat—and his body can show up in Snig River for the constable to find."

The three shook hands on it. They left the cabin, Gaycat and Haggai to drive in Gaycat's car toward the county seat, Hooks to steal through the woods toward the river bank where Lute Beezer sat patiently fishing for snigs.

It was an easy capture, one of the easiest Hooks had ever made. Lute was so intent on the float on his line that he did not hear Hooks come up behind him, and for only a moment did he feel the black-jack strike his tousled head. Hooks grinned, produced a coil of rope and bound the unconscious man. Then he lifted the limp form to his broad shoulder and carried it away through the woods.

When Lute awakened, he was sitting in a chair, securely bound from neck to heels. He glared up at the grinning Hooks.

"Lemme go!" he demanded.

"And have you call the hayseed constables?" demanded Hooks. "Not a chance. You don't get out of here alive."

Lute stared and pondered. "Why didn't you kill me by the river, if you're gonna kill me?"

"I want to experiment," said Hooks. "I got two or three different kinds of killing gimmicks. A new silenced gun, a throwing knife, and a special poison. Tonight, when nobody will bother us, I'll try 'em out on you. A guy in my line of work has to keep up with improvements in the tools, you know. Now sit there and wait."

Hooks saw that the windows were latched, the

PLASTIC MAN

screen over the fireplace. Then he went out, locked the door, and sat with his back against it, closing his eyes and basking in the warm sun. He began to doze.

"Well," grumbled Lute to himself, "I reckon as how I'll never find out what snigs are."

Hooks slept for more than an hour, happily and dreamlessly, for he had long ago rid himself of anything that might be called a conscience. When he woke, it was with a start. He had not intended to let himself get so far off guard. Rising, he examined the lock. It was still fastened, the key in it. He unlocked the door and went in. Yes, there in the chair sat the slim rope-swaddled figure, topped by its tousled shock of hair and wearing overalls.

"Time been passing quickly for you?" jeered Hooks. "You ain't got much left. Pretty soon it will be sundown, you know."

"I know," said the bound man.

"I'll be getting my gadgets ready," went on Hooks. He crossed the room, opened a suitcase and began laying things on a table. "This gun cost me quite a few potatoes. You see, the ordinary silenced gun isn't really silenced—it makes a little sound, kind of like somebody coughing. This baby doesn't even whisper, but it sure kills you dead. And this," he explained, laying a long sharp knife beside the gun on the table, "is my new throwing knife. Sprung steel—it puts some snap of its own into the throw. Now for the poison."

He turned to the suitcase, poked his hand in and felt around.

"Hey," he growled. "it's gone! Somebody must have taken it!"

"Somebody must have," agreed the prisoner.

Hooks snarled dangerously "If that shyster Gaycat snitched it, or your goofy cousin Haggai—"

"Don't mistrust them," urged the man in the chair. "If you want to know who took it, I took it."

Hooks burst into scornful laughter. "What do you mean, you took it? I tied you tighter than tight Guys-I tie up don't get loose."

"Don't they?"

Hooks fixed his eyes fearfully on his captive. "Smart guy, huh? Well, maybe we won't wait for sundown to let a little of that smartness out. I think I'll tend to your case right now."

He put his hand toward the table, then drew it back. The fierceness was out of his eyes. They goggled blankly.

"The gun—the knife—" he stammered. "They're gone!"

"I took them, too," said the calm voice.

"You couldn't!" roared Hooks. "Even if you weren't all wrapped up like a guy going for a sleigh ride, you couldn't reach that far from where you're sitting—not unless you were—HEY!"

Hooks took a step backward. "Unless," he finished weakly, "you were PLASTIC MAN!"

He reached behind him for the doorknob, but suddenly the bound man oozed upward. He came easily out of the bonds, the overalls, a dynamic figure in close-fitting red. He threw himself upon Hooks. Hooks clutched the tousled hair, and it came away in his grasp—a wig. Next moment long rubbery arms snapped around him in snakelike coils, squeezing the breath and battle out of him.

"I give up," gurgled Hooks.

"Come with me to Snig River," commanded Plastic Man.

"YOU'LL SEE," Attorney Gaycat was saying to the two passengers in the car, executor of the will and the constable. "Next bend of the trail takes us to Snig River, and Lute Beezer isn't there—"

The car slid around the bend. There, by the river, sat Lute, tranquilly fishing. Woozy was perched on a stump beside him.

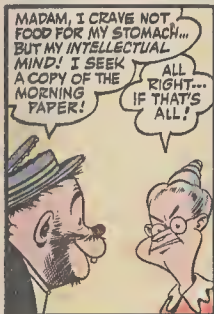
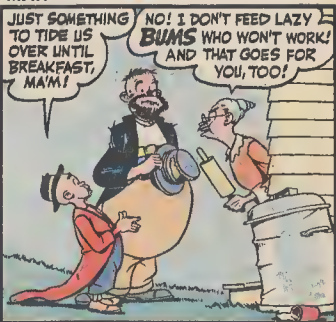
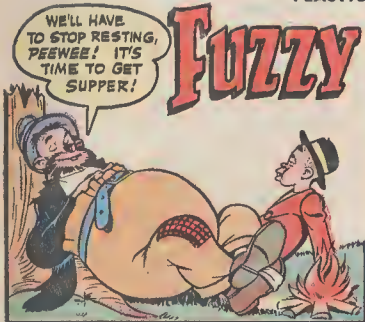
"Arrest Gaycat and Haggai Beezer, constable," came the clear voice of Plastic Man, as he strode through the bushes, dragging Hooks. "I was planning a practical joke on Lute, but Woozy Winks and I arrived just in time to see this hoodlum—Hooks Hoogan, badly wanted in the big city—stun him and drag him away. I followed, and when Hooks was napping I squeezed under the door, put Lute up the chimney, and took his place."

Gaycat, Haggai and Hooks loudly protested their innocence. Each started a story full of alibis, and the story of each tripped up the stories of his accomplices. Adroit questioning tricked them all into confessions, and the constable and Plastic Man marched them triumphantly to the county jail to await trial.

Left alone with Lute, Woozy smiled triumphantly. "Well, it started out for a joke on you," he said. "But Plas and I finished up by saving you and your property. Aren't you grateful, Lute? You ought to be one of the happiest and most thankful men in the whole world."

Lute made a mournful face, his eyes still on the bobbing float of his line. "How kin I be bappy?" he demanded. "I still ain't caught any snigs in Snig River."

Fuzzy



PLASTIC MAN

PLASTIC MAN

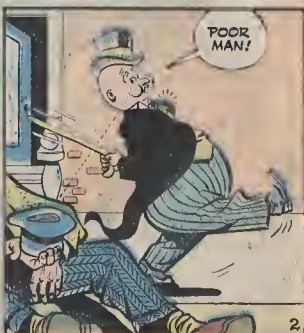
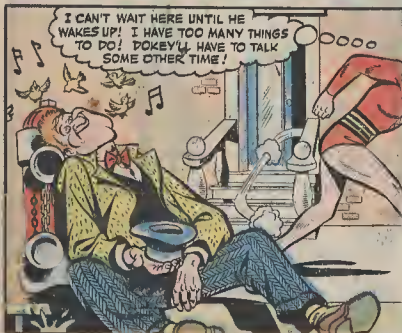
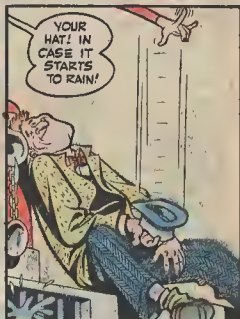
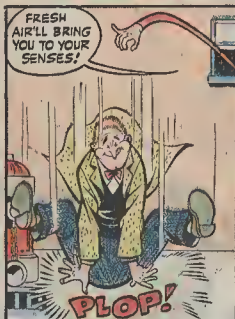
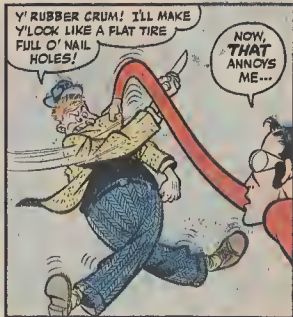
MONEYBAGS tossed away millions!
But it was EVIL money -- and the crimes
which resulted stretched almost as
far as The Rubber Man -- **PLASTIC**
MAN, himself!

HEY,
YOU'LL BE
BURIED ALIVE
UNDER ALL
THAT DOUGH!

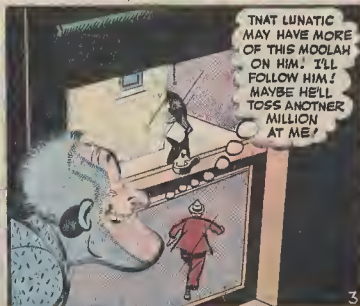
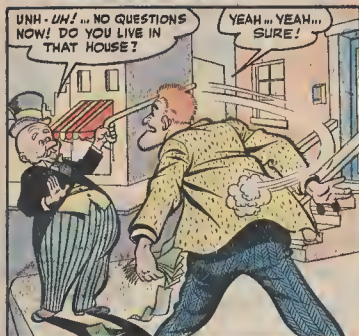
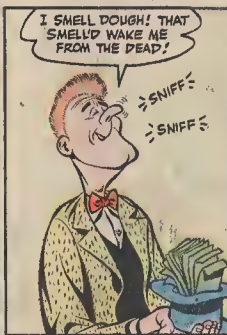
WHAT A
WONDERFUL
WAY TO
DIE!



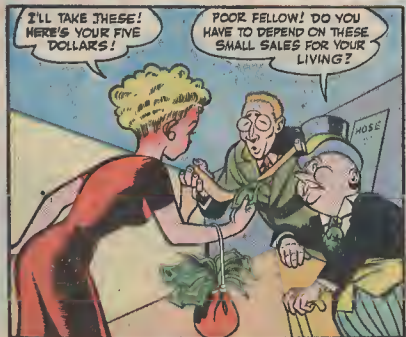
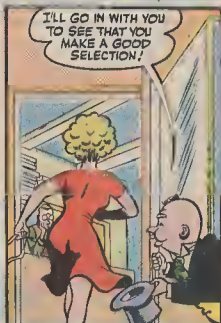
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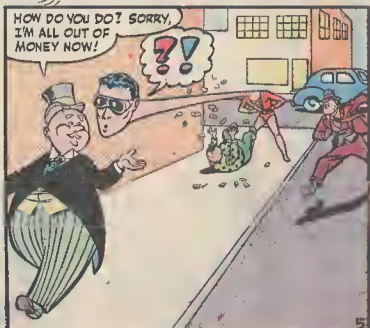
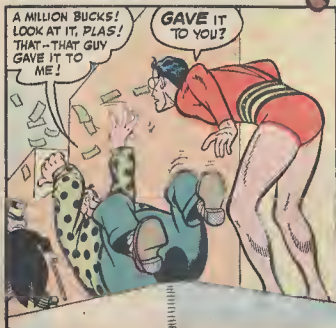
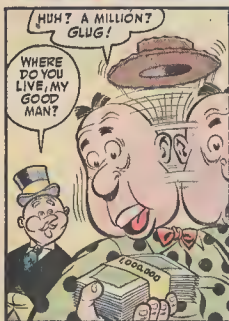
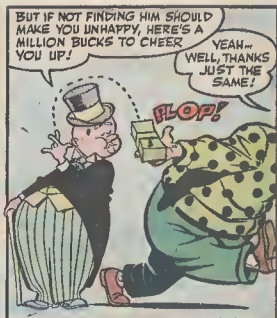
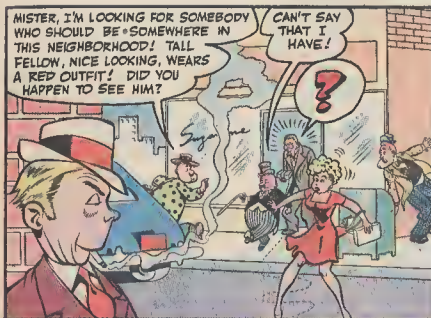
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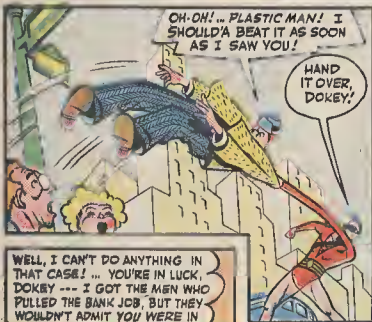
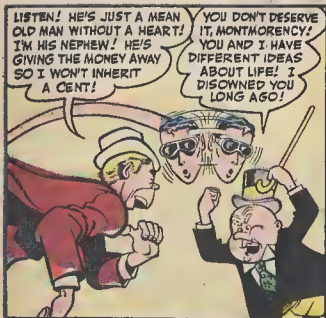
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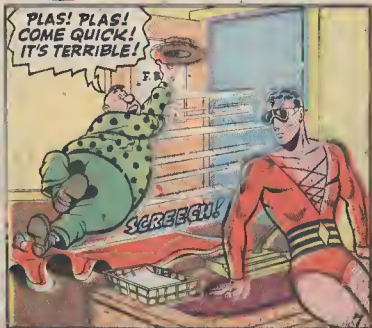
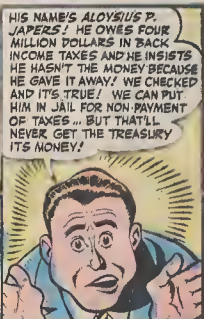
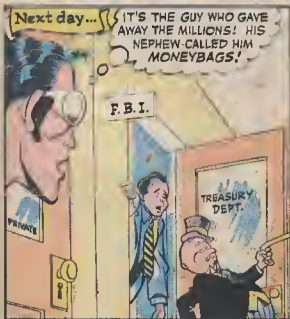
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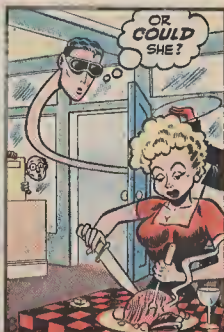
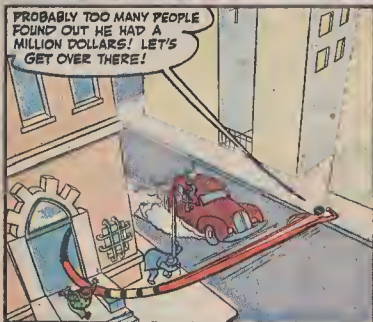
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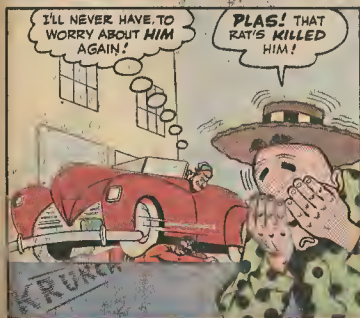
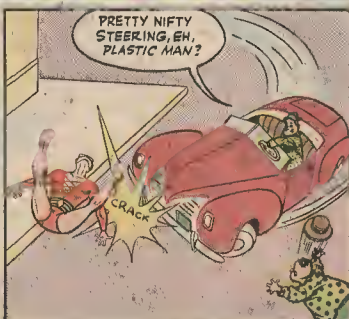
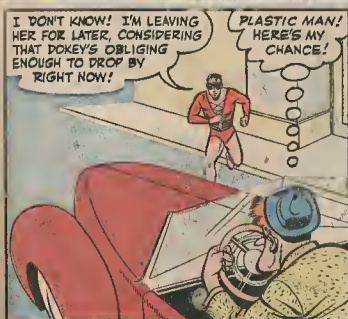
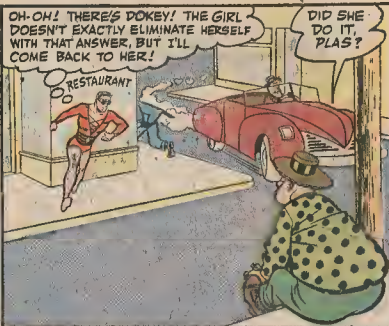
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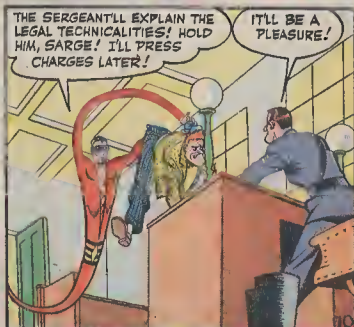
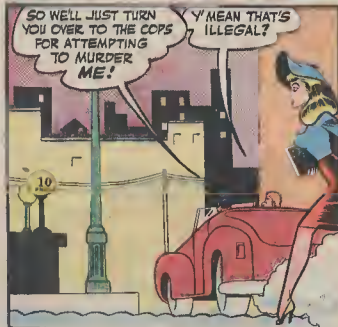
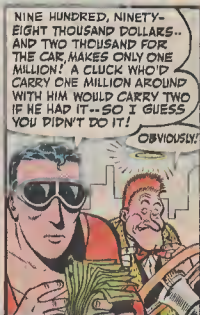
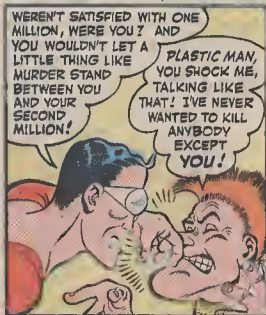
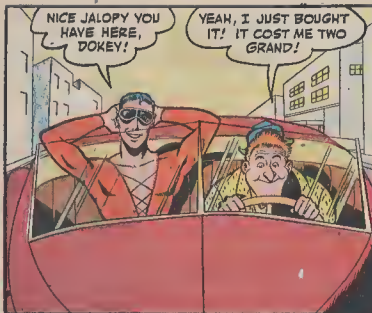
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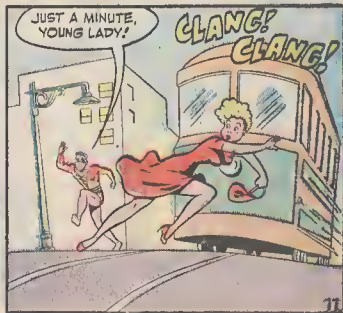
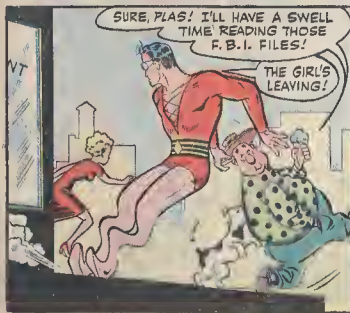
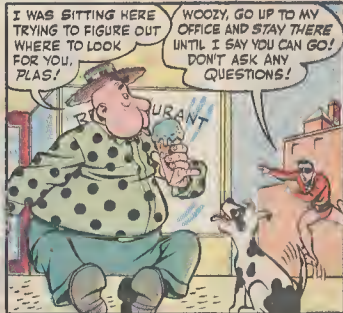
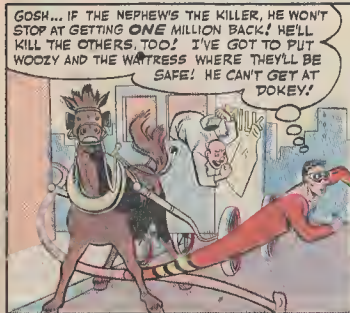
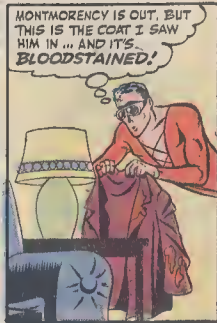
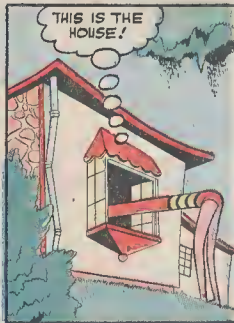
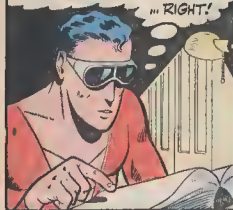


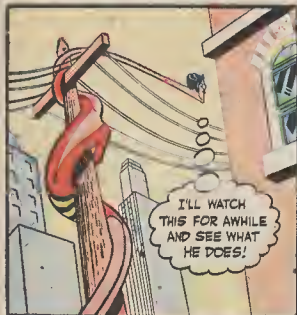
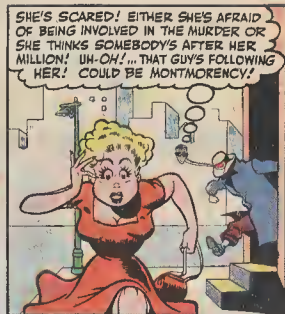
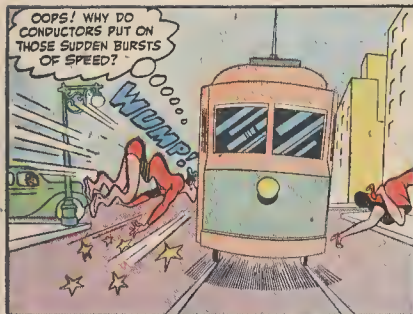
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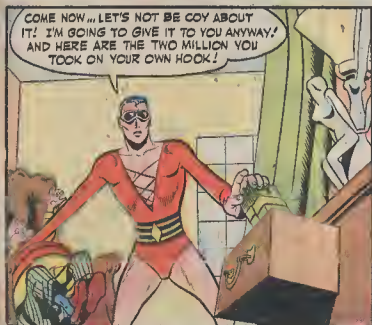
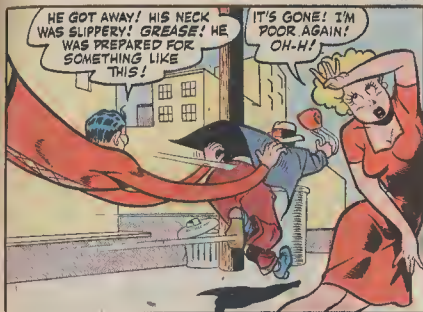
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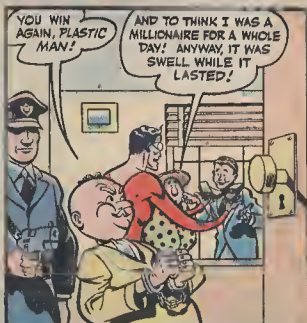
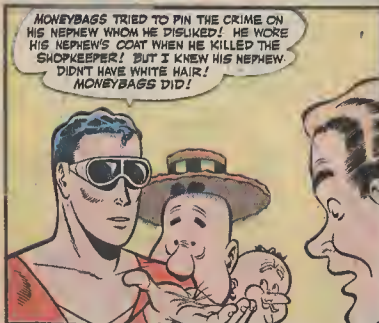
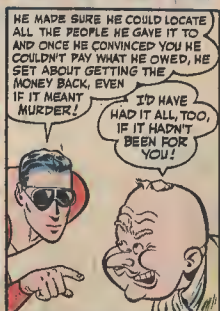
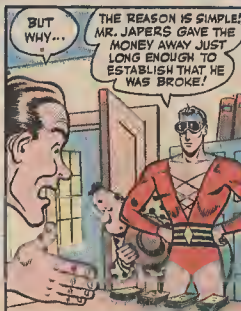
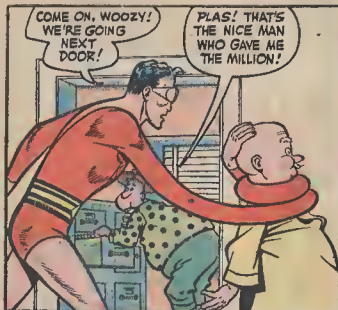
UNLESS THE LITTLE WAITRESS PUT ONE OVER ON ME! I'VE GOT THREE SUSPECTS RULED OUT! NOW FOR MONEYBAGS' NEPHEW! HE MADE SOME PRETTY FIERCE THREATS! LET'S SEE IF THERE'S A MONTMORENCY JAPERS LISTED!



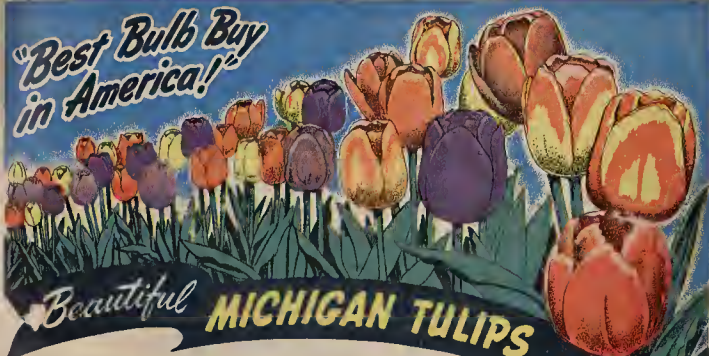


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How to Outbluff a VICIOUS DOG

at night!



... as recommended by
Lt. Camdr. Willy Necker,
Wheeling, Ill.—nated dog
trainer and judge at dog
shows... and wartime head
of U. S. Coast Guard War
Dog Training.



1 The fact that 999 dogs out of a thousand are friendly, safe and lovable doesn't alter the fact that occasionally—through mistreatment, neglect or disease—a dog may turn vicious. Such animals are dangerous. Especially at night! If cornered—



2 Outdoors, at night, turn on your "Eveready" flashlight! Shine it directly at the dog's eyes, to blind and perhaps bewilder him. He may leap at the light, however, so don't hold it in front of you. Hold it at arm's length to the side. Most important...



3 Keep still. Don't move. Don't run—it's instinctive with most animals to attack anything that runs away or moves aggressively. If the dog refrains from attacking for a few seconds, you have probably won—he is apt to growl at the light, then slink off, outbluffed.

4 For bright light, white light, effective light—insist on "Eveready" batteries. For they have no equals—that's why they're the world's largest-selling flashlight batteries. Yet their extra light, extra life, cost you *nothing* extra!

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